

will and order that he who hath been crucified with me should go in, should receive remission of sins through me; and that he, having put on his incorruptible body, should go into paradise, and dwell with me. Now the Lord saw about the cross His mother standing, and John the Evangelist, whom He peculiarly loved above the rest of the apostles, because he alone of them was a virgin in the body. And the Lord's mother, standing and looking, cried out with a loud voice, saying, "My son! My son!" And Jesus turning to her, and seeing John near her, accepting with the rest of the women, said, "Behold thy son." And he gave John the charge of Holy Mary, saying unto him, "Behold thy mother." From that hour the holy mother of the Lord remained specially in the care of John, as long as she had her habitation in this life.

But Mary wept much, saying, "For this I weep, my son, because thou sufferest unjustly, because the lawless Jews have delivered thee to a bitter death. Without thee, my son, what will become of me? How shall I live without thee? What sort of life shall I spend? Where are thy disciples, who boasted that they would die with thee? Where are those healed by thee? How hath one been found to help thee?" And, looking to the cross, she said, "Bend down, O cross, that I may embrace and kiss my son, whom I suckled at these breasts after a strange manner, as not having known man. Bend down, O cross; I wish to throw my arms around my son. Bend down, O cross, that I may bid farewell to my son like a mother." But the Jews, hearing these words, came forward and drove to a distance both Mary and the women and John.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.
Now it was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. The sun was darkened, his fiery blaze was checked, and his heat became moderate; the moon became blood and the stars fell down from heaven. Mary, also, went about with lamps, supposing that it was night, and fell down. And the Lord cried out, saying, "My power, my power, thou hast forsaken me." And again He said, "I thirst." Then one of them said, "Give Him to drink, with vinegar." And they mixed and gave him to drink, fulfilling all things, and accomplishing their sin against their own head. Then Jesus, crying out with a loud voice, "Father, into Thy hands I shall commit my spirit," gave up the ghost, and was taken up. And immediately the veil of the temple was rent in twain. For in that hour the virgins who ministered in the temple saw all things created change. And, fearing, they fled into the tabernacle into the holy of holies and shut the door of the temple. Straightway, then, they saw a great and strong angel come down from heaven, being in great anger, with a sharp sword drawn in his right hand. And when they saw him they fled into the shrine, being afraid and exceedingly troubled, fearing that he would smite them with the sword that was in his hand. But the angel said to them, "Be not afraid, I will not slay you, neither shall evil befall you. Surely those who are dead, also, shall arise and come forth from the tomb to enter into the city, and appear unto many men, reproving and convicting the folly of the cursed Jews, and their shamelessness which they wrought against the Lord of the inhabitants of heaven and of earth." Straightway, then, the angel stretched forth the sword which was in his hand; and he brought it down upon the veil of the temple, rending it in the midst, and dividing it from the top to the bottom.

And the virgins heard a great voice from the horns of the altar, saying, "Woe to thee, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee. Often would I have gathered thy children, even as a bird gathereth its eggs together under its wings, but ye would not. Behold your house, I have left it unto you." They looked again and saw the angel assigned to the altar fly up on the canopy of the altar, and the angel also having the sword, both being in great mourning and anger. And when they saw these things come to pass they knew that the Lord was angry with His people, and had left them. So they hastened and came unto Mary, and were with her in order that they might not come to be under the curse which they had heard from the mouth of the angel of the Lord, who rent the veil.

A GREAT DISTURBANCE.
And in that hour there was a very great and violent earthquake over all the earth. The rocks also were rent, and the tombs of the dead were opened; the sanctuary fell down with the wings of the temple, a lintel of which was broken asunder. Many places in Judea and other districts were thrown down; the sea was heaved up from its depths, and all the elements of the universe, bewildered by the strange events, were thrown into confusion. And when the philosophers at Athens were not able to explain these events by natural causes they concluded that the God of nature was suffering, so that the people raised an altar to Isis God and put on it the inscription: "The Unknown God."

And from all these things that had happened the Jews were afraid and said: "Certainly this was a just man." And Longinus, the centurion, who stood by, glorified God and said: "Truly this was a son of God." And all the crowds who were present at the spectacle, seeing what had happened, beat their breasts with fear and turned and went away.

And the centurion, having perceived all these great miracles, went away and reported them to Pilate. Now, when the procurator and his wife heard of them, wondering and astonished, they were greatly grieved. And from their fear and grief they would neither eat nor drink that day. And Pilate sending notice, all the Sanhedrin came to him as soon as the darkness was past. Then he said to the people: "Ye know how the sun hath been darkened, ye know how the curtain hath been rent. Certainly I did well in being by no means willing to put to death this good man." But the malefactors said to Pilate: "This darkness is an eclipse of the sun, such as hath also happened at other times." And Pilate said to them: "Ye are fools! In this way ye tell the truth about everything." He knew that never happens but at new moon. Now, ye ate your passover yesterday, the 14th of the month, and ye say that it was an eclipse of the sun. And what say ye that the other disastrous signs were?" And they could say nothing in reply. For it was not an eclipse of the sun, because the moon was then in the fifteenth day of its course and far from the sun. Moreover, an eclipse does not deprive all parts of the world of light, and does not endure three hours. But this eclipse was seen at Heliopolis, in Egypt, in Rome, in Greece and in Asia Minor.

Now the Jews were troubled lest the sun set whilst Jesus was yet alive. So they said to Pilate, "We hold the fast of unleavened bread to-morrow, and we entreat thee, since the crucified are still breathing, that their bones be broken, and that they be brought down." And Pilate said, "It shall be so." He therefore sent soldiers to break her legs; but, finding that Jesus dead they did not touch him at all except that Longinus, a soldier, appeared him in the right side with a lance, and immediately there came forth blood and water. Now this soldier, who was one of

those who buffeted and spit upon Jesus, had for thirty-eight years been troubled with sore eyes. Yet when the drops of his blood, coming from the wound, fell upon him, immediately he was healed. And the kinsfolk and acquaintances of Jesus, together with the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things.

Now Mary, by means of John, had asked of Joseph, who was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews, that he might care for and bury the body of Jesus. This man was well born, rich and the holder of office, a friend of Jesus and also of Pilate. He was, moreover, a God-fearing Jew, waiting for the kingdom of God, who did not consent to the counsels or deeds of the wicked. And he finding Nicodemus, whose sentiments his foregoing speech had shown, since he had seen what good deeds Jesus had done, said to him, "I know that thou didst with Jesus while he lived, and didst gladly hear His words; and I saw thee fighting with the Jews on his account. If, then, it seemeth good to thee, let us go to Pilate, and beg the body of Jesus for burial, because it is a great sin for him to lie unburied." Nicodemus said, however, "I am afraid lest Pilate should be enraged, and some evil should befall me. But if thou wilt go alone, and bring the body, and take him to the tomb, I also will go with thee, and help thee to do everything necessary for the burial." Nicodemus, having thus spoken, Joseph directed his eyes to heaven, and prayed that he might not fall in his request.

Then Joseph went away to Pilate, and having saluted him, sat down. And he said unto him, "I entreat thee, my lord, that I may be angry with me, if I bring anything contrary to what seemeth good to thy highness." Then said Pilate, "And what is it that thou askest?" Joseph said, "Jesus, the good man whom thou hast hated the Jews have taken away to crucify, Him I entreat that thou give me for burial." Pilate said, "And what hath happened, that we should deliver to be honored again the dead body of Him against whom evidence of severity was brought by his nation; and who was in suspicion of taking the kingdom of Caesar, and so was given up by us to death?" Then Joseph, weeping, and in great grief, fell at the feet of Pilate, saying, "My lord, let not hatred fall upon a dead man, for all the evil that a man hath done should perish with him in his death. And I know, your highness, how eager thou wast that Jesus should not be crucified; and how much thou saidst to the Jews on His behalf, now in entreaty, and again in anger, and at last how thou didst wash thy hands, and declare that thou wished Jesus to be put to death; for all which reasons I entreat thee not to refuse my request." Pilate, therefore, seeing Joseph thus lying, supplicating and weeping, turned him up, and said, "Go, I grant thee this dead man; take him, and do whatsoever thou wilt."

PILATE AND HEROD.
Then Pilate sent to Herod and asked the body of Jesus. And Herod said: "Brother Pilate, even if no one had asked for Him, we purposed to bury him, especially as the Sabbath draweth on; for it is written in the law, that the sun set not upon one that hath been put to death." Then Joseph, having thanked Pilate, and kissed his hands, and his garments, went forth, rejoicing in his heart, as having obtained his desire; but carrying tears in his eyes. Accordingly he went away to Nicodemus, and disclosed to him all that had happened. Then having bought myrrh and aloes, a hundred pounds, they, along with the mother of the Lord and Mary Magdalene and Salome and the rest of the women and John, went to do what was customary, for the body of the Lord.

And Joseph and Nicodemus prepared to take the Lord's body down from the cross. Now the body of the robber on the right was not found; but of him on the left, as the form of a dragon, so was his body. And they set two ladders against the arms of the cross. Then Joseph, with a hammer and a pair of pincers, ascended one of the ladders and drew out the nail from the right hand of the Lord. Very fast it fell, for it was long, and so deeply imbedded in the cross that it pressed the hand of the Lord very close. But in good time Joseph got it out. Then did John make to him a sign that he should deliver it to him secretly, lest Mary seeing it, her heart should burst. Likewise, Nicodemus went up the ladder on the left side, and with great difficulty drew out the nail from the other hand, giving it to John secretly. Then Nicodemus descended to draw the nail from the feet, and whilst he did so, Joseph supported the body of Jesus upon his shoulders. Mary, seeing this, raised herself upon her feet so that she was able to touch the hands of her son, for the arms hung down from the shoulders of Joseph. And she kissed them, gladly, weeping and moaning bitterly.

When, then, the nail of the feet was drawn out, Joseph descended from the ladder, supporting on his shoulders the body of the Lord, whilst Nicodemus aided him. And they extended the body upon a white cloth that they had placed upon the earth. And when they did so, the whole earth quaked and great fear arose. Then Mary received in her lap the head and shoulders of the Lord, taking the crown of thorns from His head, and Mary Magdalene took Him by the feet before which she had found the forgiveness of her sins; and all the others gathered round the body.

THE MOTHER OF SORROWS.
The poor, bereaved mother held upon her knees the sacred head and could not cease kissing it or watering it with the abundance of her tears. Sighing dolorously, she said to her son, "Alas, dearest son, what hast thou done? Why have they thus put thee to death? Alas, sorrowing mother, what shall I do now? How shall I live, who I received of thee when I conceived thee turned into great sorrow?" Then she began again to kiss the visage of her son and to water it with her tears, so that it even seemed then as if she were about to die. And she remembered how she had wept when the Lord was brought forth without sorrow. How, when He lived, nothing was wanting to her, since she had in Him God, Lord, father and husband. Now she saw Him dead, which was an evil so great that it was not possible for it to be. And in great sorrow she said, "Alas, my son, the life of my soul, my joy, why hast thou gone away from me? My God, have mercy upon me. Alas, my sweet son, and take me to thee now." The other women, her companions, mourned with her for the pity they had to see their Master dead before them, as well as in pity for the sorrow of the glorious Virgin Mary. And she was surrounded by angels from paradise, who mourned with her for love of their Lord and for pity for their lady.

Now, Joseph of Arimathea, seeing that the day rapidly declined and night was about to come, and that the sun was about to set, said to her, "Dolorous lady, be content at last to suffer that the body of thy son, our Master, be shrouded in these beautiful linens; so shall we bury Him in the sepulchre." But Mary, greatly troubled, replied: "Alas! I hesitate not in taking away from me the sight of my son, or burying him with Him." And they knew not what to say to that, save that they should weep. And she looked upon the countenance of her son, which she held in her lap; tenderly she regarded the wounds which the thorns had made. She looked at that face from which they had torn the beard and the hair, at that countenance divine soiled with spittle and blood.

And looking at these things, she was not able to leave off lamenting.

And John, seeing that night approached, said to Mary: "Lady, see what hour it is; the night begins to overcome the day. Consent to Joseph, and suffer the body of Jesus to be shrouded and buried." Then Mary remembered how the Lord had given her into the keeping of John, and to him she consented. So Joseph and Nicodemus began to envelop the body of the Lord in fine linen. And when they had come to the feet Mary Magdalene said unto them: "I pray you, leave this part to me. I wish to put in the shroud the feet before which my sins were forgiven." Then she looked at the feet very attentively, beholding how they were pierced by the nails, torn and bruised and smeared with blood. And she was weeping and compassionate tears those feet which formerly she had washed with tears of contrition. Afterward, very gently, she dried them with her hair; then enveloped and shrouded them the best that she could.

FAREWELL TO THE SON.
And Mary, putting her face upon that of her son, said to him very sadly: "My dear son, I beloved son, now art thou dead upon my bosom. It must be that I, Thy sorrowing mother, bury thee. But how am I able to live without thee? Most gladly would I be buried with thee, but since bodily I cannot be, I leave thee my soul, and recommend it to thee. Dearest son, how full of anguish is this separation!" When, now, she had bathed His visage with her tears, she kissed Him on the mouth, then shrouded and enveloped the head.

Now, when they had done what was customary for the body of the Lord, and washed Him, it remained but to put him in the sepulchre. Joseph also had collected, in the vessel which the Lord had used to drink and break the bread at the last supper, the drops of blood that fell from the wounds, after the body was taken down from the cross. For as soon as he knew that the Lord was dead, he had gone to the house and carried a story the vessel for this purpose. And he preserved it always with veneration, for it gave to its possessor the privilege of being in direct communication with God. Nicodemus, also, preserved the linen cloth upon which the body of the Lord lay, and upon which its image was imprinted. Then they placed the body in Joseph's own tomb, hewn out of the rock, in which no one had ever lain, in what was called the Garden of Joseph. And this tomb was once prepared for Joshua, the son of Nun.

And in carrying the body of Jesus to the sepulchre Mary supported the head, Mary Magdalene the feet, and the others the body, weeping tenderly. The bereaved mother, also, when it was in the tomb, so looked at it, and to touch it bent so low that almost she fell in, so that Joseph and Nicodemus raised her up. And they rolled before the sepulchre a stone so great that scarcely could three men move it. Now this stone was the same out of which water once flowed forth in the desert for the children of Israel. And Mary, in great grief, said, "O friends, have pity upon me, and help me to take away this stone, putting me in with my son."

BITTER LAMENTATIONS.

And the mother of the Lord said, weeping: "How am I not to lament thee, my son? How should I not tear my face with my nails? This is that, my son, which Simeon the elder foretold to me when I brought thee, an infant of forty days old, into the temple. 'Lo! is the sword which now goeth through my soul. Who shall put a stop to my tears, my sweetest son? No one at all except thyself alone if, as thou saidst, Thou shalt rise again in three days.' Mary Magdalene also said, weeping: "Hear, O peoples, tribes and tongues, and learn to what death the lawless Jews have delivered Him who did them ten thousand good deeds. Hear and be astonished. Who will let these things be heard by all the world? I shall go alone to Rome, to the Caesar. I shall show him what evil Pilate hath done in obeying the lawless Jews." Likewise, Joseph also lamented, saying: "Ah me, sweetest Jesus, most excellent of men, if indeed it be proper to call Thee man, who hast wrought such miracles as no man hath ever done. How shall I enshroud thee? How shall I entomb thee? There should have been here those whom Thou fedst with a few loaves, for thus should I not have seemed to fail in what is due."

Like Joseph, along with Nicodemus, went home. Likewise, also, the mother of the Lord, with the women John aided, being present with them, returned and abode on Mount Zion in the house where the Master supped.

And the apostles, with their companions, were grieved, and being wounded in mind, they hid themselves, for they were being sought for by them as malefactors and as wishing to set fire to the temple. And upon all these things they fasted and sat mourning and weeping night and day until the Sabbath.

But the scribes and Pharisees and elders, being gathered together one with another, when they heard that all the people murmured and beat their breasts, saying, "If by His death these most mighty signs have come to pass see how just He is," were

grieved, and saying to Pilate, "We beseech him and saying, 'My lord, that deceiver said that after three days he should rise again. Give us soldiers and order His tomb to be guarded for three days lest His disciples come and steal Him away by night and the people, led astray by such deceit, suppose that He is risen from the dead and do us evil.' And Pilate gave them soldiers to guard the tomb, and also soldiers to guard the sepulchre, so as to guard it from having put seals upon the stone of the tomb. This also they fastened with iron clamps so that it was impossible to open it by ordinary means. And with them came the elders and scribes to the sepulchre. These watchers were Issachar, Gad, Matthias, Barnabas and Simeon. They, too, affixed seven seals to the tomb, and, pitching a tent, together with the centurion and soldiers they guarded it.

J. DE Q. DONEHO.

[Copyright.]

FAILED UNDER TRIAL.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17.)

palace was plundered, yet there was practically little looting done in the palace itself, and none in the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress Dowager.

AN ORGY OF LOOTING.

The day of the march of the allies through the palace some "souvenirs" were taken. For about a week or an hour a perfect orgy of looting took place. In a dark storeroom filled with camphor chests and boxes, Jade vases were stuffed into bulging pockets, and a Frenchman was to be seen pressing his knee on top of a high, richly wrought golden vase until he pressed it inside his tunic.

One or two plunderers were stopped and made to give up their treasures, who attracted attention by the abnormal development of their figures. It was not until about a fortnight after this triumphal march that the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress were visited. Through the courtesy of General Wilson I was afforded an opportunity of being one of the first to see them. He made me promise that I would not take the hundreds of photographs of the inhabitants of Peking that appeared to, and it will never be known what hardships these poor people, outcast and homeless, must have had to endure during the rigors of this trying winter in the bleak plains that surround Peking.

and decay covered everything like a shroud. The pattern in the rich, soft, yellow carpet of the imperial five-clawed dragon was almost indistinguishable from dust. The paint on the pillars and walls was blistered and hung in flakes, and the red enamel and gliding had almost lost their lustre. I photographed a pretty American girl of the party seated on the Emperor's throne. Thrones are very becoming to American girls. We have the example of the gracefully one is filled in India, and we are shortly to have another occupied by an American girl in Dublin Castle. I suppose their adaptability to this position is due to the fact that, more than any other woman in the world, the American girl is used to keeping her foot on the neck of man things, and the foot is such a pretty ornament that the man things like to have it there.

There was a strange and striking contrast between the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress dowager and the rest of the palace. The latter showed every sign of neglect and decay, but in these imperial private apartments everything was kept in the most exquisite order. Great bronze ornaments of beautiful workmanship stood under the trees in the courtyard, and glass windows filled the front and back of each set of rooms, and along these windows were ranged the most beautiful ornaments of green and white jade, which were in such a position as to catch the sunlight and show to the best advantage the chaste artistic delicacy and refinement which is alone to be found in jade stone.

There were a large number of costly ornaments of Western manufacture, which were evidently presents from European potentates, or possibly by concession hunters. All these looked vulgar in the extreme in comparison to the native works of art. Both in the Emperor's and the Empress dowager's rooms there were an enormous collection of clocks—clocks of every design and description, from those richly ornamented with diamonds to the commonest painted description which may be seen in any saloon. If they were all kept going they must have been the only thing to mar the delightful repose of these tree-shaded courts, for in all else there was a delicate atmosphere of refined rest and repose, cushioned with every adjunct of Oriental luxury.

A PATHETIC PICTURE.

If these walls could speak, what a strange story they would have to tell of the tragic struggle that quietly went on within them; the imperial radical, the nominal despot of 400,000,000 of people, engaged in struggling against all the forces of conservatism focused in the person of the Empress dowager. When an imperial despot turns reformer he is apt to go too fast, and this was the fault committed by the young Emperor. Still, there is something extremely pathetic in the unsuccessful efforts made by this delicate, sad-faced young man, and the pathos is accentuated when, from an Eastern standpoint, we consider the fact that he is under from not having given a male heir, the greatest misfortune that can afflict a Chinese household, from the highest to the lowest. The greatest pride in the life of the poorest coolie in the land—a boy child—was denied to the Son of Heaven. It is a curious thing that when the Emperor left the palace he did not take the imperial concubines with him. The hurry of his desperate flight, which only took place the day we were actually in Peking, was probably the reason. They remained behind, and remain there to the present day.

Although many things have been looted from the palace, and the apartments of the Emperor and the Empress dowager entered, yet the seclusion of the ladies of the palace has never been invaded, nor have they yet been seen by Western eyes. On the day of my visit with General Wilson he was curious to see them. He told the old controller of the palace to open their apartments. But he replied that it was impossible. The general insisted, and explained to him that he had to see them, that he, the controller, could not help him in the face of the arms of the American soldiers. Still the old man refused and protested, and finally put it to General Wilson that he would most certainly lose his head on the return of the Emperor if he were to gratify his curiosity in this matter. It was only at this that General Wilson ceased to press him, and allowed him to keep his head.

FATE OF WOMEN LEFT BEHIND.

The imperial ladies of the palace have been the only women of Peking to be left to enter upon their campaign of revenge, start their so-called punitive expeditions, and spread fresh terror into the already horror-stricken people.

Even with the offer of high wages it was almost impossible to obtain servants. I managed with great difficulty to secure two. One I called Sapollo, because he didn't wash clothes, or anything else; and the other, Boxer, as he really had been one, a young fellow of sixteen, who had been caught redhanded and was given over to a soldier to be shot; but Boxer just laughed in the face of his executioner, and the soldier, being unable to fire in the face of the laughing child, let him go.

It was to the Japanese quarter that the people first began to come back in any number. The American and British quarters also after a while became fairly populous, but in the Russian, the German and the French districts the inhabitants dared not return, and it is small wonder that we read in the papers of these outcasts forming themselves into bands of outlaws, who roamed, marauding, around the country.

Out of this vast scene of war and terrible rapine it was an agreeable recollection if one could think that some of the missionaries at least raised their voices in merciful protest to plead against the outrages committed by some of the allied soldiers, but no such pleading in the cause of humanity and mercy was to be heard from them. Perhaps it was because they were too busy in the sale of loot for the compensation of their converts and themselves. The Rev. Mr. Ament was presented by his admiring converts with a magnificent umbrella, which presumably was also looted.

One can imagine the three great teachers of mankind, Christ, Buddha and Confucius, looking down and surveying the entire prospect with pain and sorrow. In thinking how little the result of their teachings has been in the actions of their followers, and what deeds were materializing out of the maxims they had taught them.

There is no question whatever that the cause of Christianity in China has received a severe shock by this campaign. The hatred which the Chinese felt for foreigners is now immensely intensified, and slow as was any real progress being made by Christianity in China before, it will undoubtedly be slower still in the years immediately to come.

STAYING NOW IN NEW YORK—The City of Unrest—after a sojourn in China and Japan, it appears to me that there would be an opportunity for some social missionaries from the East to come and teach us many things.

A LESSON OUT OF THE EAST.

When we go into the streets here, vibrating with the clang and jangling of street cars, the rumbling roar of the elevated, the piercing rattling of electric bells, between the hoarse steam shrieks of steamers can be heard calling from the river; when we watch the thousands of



Come, Gentle Spring! Ethereal Mildness, Come!

We are ready to meet you at the Union Station and escort you to our place with a Military Band of Twenty-four Pieces!

Have You a Tuxedo?

This Is to Those Who Should Fall Into the Procession

OUR stock of Dress Cloths is so varied and complete that we can perfectly match any dress suit with a TUXEDO JACKET.



Our great specialty continues to be Prince Alberts and Full Dress Evening Suits. \$25 and upwards is our price. Other tailors ask more than 50 per cent. more, while we guarantee at our lower price perfect satisfaction with our product.

Our Cutters

that come under his care. Each individual order will receive the most careful and considerate attention.

We employ sixteen cutters, most of them men of renown in the trade. No order is slighted or lost sight of in our house. It is the business of each cutter to have personal supervision of orders.

Kahn Tailoring Co.



Smoke Full-Weight Cigars



Keep Your Eye on the Indicator.

Old Phone 26210.

New Phone 2287.

104 South Meridian Street.

Patton Bros. - Sole Distributors

Cents

They were just beginning to come back to what were, in the majority of cases, the ruins of their homes, when the Germans, late for the first march for the relief, came to enter upon their campaign of revenge, start their so-called punitive expeditions, and spread fresh terror into the already horror-stricken people.

Even with the offer of high wages it was almost impossible to obtain servants. I managed with great difficulty to secure two. One I called Sapollo, because he didn't wash clothes, or anything else; and the other, Boxer, as he really had been one, a young fellow of sixteen, who had been caught redhanded and was given over to a soldier to be shot; but Boxer just laughed in the face of his executioner, and the soldier, being unable to fire in the face of the laughing child, let him go.

It was to the Japanese quarter that the people first began to come back in any number. The American and British quarters also after a while became fairly populous, but in the Russian, the German and the French districts the inhabitants dared not return, and it is small wonder that we read in the papers of these outcasts forming themselves into bands of outlaws, who roamed, marauding, around the country.

Out of this vast scene of war and terrible rapine it was an agreeable recollection if one could think that some of the missionaries at least raised their voices in merciful protest to plead against the outrages committed by some of the allied soldiers, but no such pleading in the cause of humanity and mercy was to be heard from them. Perhaps it was because they were too busy in the sale of loot for the compensation of their converts and themselves. The Rev. Mr. Ament was presented by his admiring converts with a magnificent umbrella, which presumably was also looted.

One can imagine the three great teachers of mankind, Christ, Buddha and Confucius, looking down and surveying the entire prospect with pain and sorrow. In thinking how little the result of their teachings has been in the actions of their followers, and what deeds were materializing out of the maxims they had taught them.

There is no question whatever that the cause of Christianity in China has received a severe shock by this campaign. The hatred which the Chinese felt for foreigners is now immensely intensified, and slow as was any real progress being made by Christianity in China before, it will undoubtedly be slower still in the years immediately to come.

STAYING NOW IN NEW YORK—The City of Unrest—after a sojourn in China and Japan, it appears to me that there would be an opportunity for some social missionaries from the East to come and teach us many things.

A LESSON OUT OF THE EAST.

When we go into the streets here, vibrating with the clang and jangling of street cars, the rumbling roar of the elevated, the piercing rattling of electric bells, between the hoarse steam shrieks of steamers can be heard calling from the river; when we watch the thousands of

men and women all through the morning struggling down town, to that district where one sees hung up the significantly unique signs, "Quick Lunch," and sees them struggling back in the evening to snatch their morsels of rest and pleasure before the dawning of another strife-filled day; when we see how many of them are getting stricken in their nerves (I know one office not more than fifty yards from where I write in which there are at present nine men suffering from nervous troubles), one begins to speculate if the idea of repose is not passing away from our civilization, and if the art of enjoying repose is not already lost.

Haste and speed do not necessarily imply genuine progress. Already in every branch of our literature and fine arts the ravages of haste are apparent. There are many other things that the Oriental social missionaries might teach us about. The Chinese might tell us of their idea of the family as the pivot and most important center of their life—of filial devotion, where the father is considered something more than a dollar-grinding machine, and consideration and care for the old—of commercial integrity and honor. The Japanese might preach to us of cleanliness and of politeness, and endeavor to impart some of that wonderful artistic feeling and genuine love of flowers and the beauty of nature which is instinct in the lowest as well as the highest among their people. They might lecture on the tea ceremonies which elevate hospitality and the art of welcome to the level of a fine art in contrast to our social entertainments, which are fast developing into gastronomic competitions.

When Russia grabs Manchuria. These are ideas well worth looting and carrying back to lessen the vulgarity of our vainglorious civilization. As we called to gether the Hague conference in a vain attempt to reach the standpoint from which the Chinese (with whom the pen is really mightier than the sword) regarded war at the end of the last century, so, before the end of the present, will we be vainly trying back and struggling against the raging torrent of material progress which will then be madly sweeping us from the cradle to the grave without pause for the enjoyment of what makes life worth the living.

Coming down from Peking across the plains, rank with the rotting decay of the ungarthered harvest, of burned villages, of white human bones gleaming in the mud-grimed mud of the river banks, one felt that it would be well if we could think that this unsavory chapter of history were finished. But this is by no means the case. The crisis which was foreseen long ago by the Japanese has arisen.

What Count Okuma, ex-prime minister of Japan, told me months ago European nations have come to realize—that Russia means to grab Manchuria. The Japanese saw this all along. The diplomatic pretensions of Russia can no more be relied upon than the promises of her generals or their distinct undertakings given to the other allied generals could be relied on during their march to Peking.

Over and over again the Russian general has broken his word to his companions-in-arms wherever it appeared to him that he could achieve any advantage to himself by so doing. The day before the attack on the walls of Peking itself he thought to steal a march on the other forces by commencing his attack before the time agreed upon. The attack was not successful and he then sent back to General Fukushima for reinforcements. These were, however, refused by the Japanese commander, who told his messenger that he was not going to break his original agreement.

For months back it has been the ardent desire of the Japanese to have the moral support of Great Britain or of the United States in sending a message to Russia to leave Manchuria.

I asked Count Okuma whether he was willing to send such a message even at the cost of war. He said certainly that he would, but that such a protest would make for peace, and not for war. He said that such a message, if sent with firmness and determination, would prevent the possibility of a shot being fired. Japan is more opposed than any other power to the partition of China. It is obvious that the United States is almost equally so, and so, also, is Great Britain. Yet these three powers, actuated by the same ideas, have been working in water-tight compartments; there has been no cohesion among them, no unity to voice their united purpose. Instead of this there has been simply a policy of drift, and this drifting has given rise to our coming up against a position which is now extremely serious, and which, with some further drifting, may land the allies into a gigantic world war. France, of course, would back up Russia, and the uncertainty of Germany's attitude again leaves the Emperor in a position to be the arbiter of the situation.

The united voice of Japan, the United States and Great Britain should go in the Pacific. Their united mandate would be supreme in the Orient. If they give up the policy of drift, and say with firmness and determination, there shall be peace, peace it must be.

The Travel Cure.

London Chronicle.
Under what conditions is travel of benefit in the treatment of mental diseases? This question was under discussion at yesterday's meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association. Dr. Savage, a physician in charge of mental diseases at Guy's, held that to move a patient suffering from a severe mental disorder, either for a sea voyage or other form of traveling, was very inadvisable. The fresh surroundings very often cause a weariness where the need often causes a mental patient who was ordered a voyage. When Marseilles was reached the patient had a delusion that his attendant was insane, and declined to go further with him.